

# TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

Published every evening, Sunday excepted, by the Tonopah Bonanza Printing Co., Incorporated.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS MEMBER NEVADA PRESS ASSN

W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

Terms of Subscription by Mail for Daily Bonanza:  
 One Year ..... \$12.00  
 Six Months ..... \$6.00  
 Three Months ..... \$3.00  
 One Month ..... \$1.00  
 Delivered by Carrier, \$1.25 per Month

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

A reward of \$10 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of parties stealing the Bonanza from subscribers.

The Bonanza is kept on file at Dempsey & Stanley, Turk and Mason Streets, San Francisco.  
 Entered at the postoffice in Tonopah as second class matter.

## SUBSIDIES FOR GOLD PRODUCERS

THE labor issue has been focalized in a petition to congress to provide for the drafting of labor for the gold mines. This suggestion has the right sound for it brings out the meat in the coconut for digestion. The shipyards and steel plants have raised a call for a million unskilled laborers who, no doubt, could be very effectively employed in those industries where it is admitted a condition exists that demands immediate action. But, in singling out these industries for support, the country has lost track of the mining element and the mining industry which is the primary stage of all development. We cannot build ships without paying for them, and there must be something more substantial than a mere promise of pay to compensate the artisans engaged. Rag money is nothing more than processed rags after all unless the paper purporting to represent the ability to pay is backed by something more than mere promises. There must be gold in the treasury for the eventual redemption of a reasonable percentage of the indebtedness and, without that gold, the world would witness a period of inflation and hypothetical values that would soon dislocate all financial arrangements. Gold and silver are the basic points in our monetary system and without an abundant supply of these metals to fortify the paper circulation, we would witness an era of price ballooning and a depreciation such as was witnessed during the civil war.

If shipbuilding is to continue and steel works to thrive there must be protection for the miner and the supplies necessary to operate his mines and mills. These should have preferential treatment and priority rating with all lines of transportation as the most essential of all our wants. The importance of some such action has been overlooked until recently but, now that the mine operators have been aroused to the necessity for protecting their organized forces the attention of the authorities at Washington has been aroused by the possibility of the chief gold and silver mines of the country closing down owing to constant drains upon their forces. The situation is acute and the various labor boards are awaking to the importance of doing something to abate the stringency. The congressional representatives from the northwest have sounded the warning in congress and it is up to the representatives and senators from Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado to unite in pressing the obligation of furnishing more help to our mines and all the collateral branches such as newspapers, automobiles, foundries, machine shops and lumber which are essential to operation.

## KEEP THE RAIDS GOING

THE provost marshals cannot be far astray when they go about raiding unsavory resorts that offer concealment for slackers for they are receiving the earnest support of the men and women of the country besides the material support of the boys who are already in the army and navy out of loyalty to their country and devotion to the principles which actuated the United States in declaring war against autocracy. There is a natural antagonism between the boys in khaki and blue who gave up responsible positions for the privilege of wearing their country's uniforms and receiving \$30 a month and the worthless hangers on of city slums who are fattening and thriving at the expense of those who volunteered or cheerfully joined the colors at their country's call. There cannot be anything in common between the two classes. The slacker is the mercenary of the war who is willing to sell his services to the highest bidder and he has all the makings of a first class striker who demands his dollar an hour when his brother citizen is slaving for sixty and seventy-two hours at a stretch in the trenches for a pittance. No sympathy should be wasted on the slacker who should be pilloried and driven through the streets with the word "slacker" burned into his forehead in crimson letters that all men might know him for what he is. The sentiment of the army and navy is forcibly expressed by the behavior of the soldiers and sailors wherever raids take place in proximity to a cantonment or training ground. In such cases the boys hurried to the assistance of the renegades who have been trying to dodge the draft. The soldier and sailor is in the service of his own free will and he is not prone to waste any foolish sentiment on the man who wants to stay at home and cop off the seven or eight dollars a day which the soldier may have temporarily resigned while he went forth at his country's call. Under the circumstances the United States senate will not squander much thought on providing any consolation for the draft evaders who are protesting against the brutal conduct of the provost marshals in subjecting them to the same treatment as ordinary criminals.

Immunity from working in the shipyards at \$3.57 a day can be bought very easily by going around to any one of the mines and enrolling as a mucker. This is one of the most useful occupations which your Uncle Samuel deems essential to the welfare of the country. The veriest bonehead will see the best way to turn when he is confronted with the proposition of working at home for \$5 a day or going to the coast and receiving 70 per cent of that sum with vastly disproportionate living costs.

Villa is heard from again through the rumor agents but he better not tickle the chin of Uncle Sam while he is engaged in a real war. There are too many Yankee soldiers in Texas to tolerate any activity across the border.

Bill Haywood and his insurgent I. W. W. will find there is no monkeying with the law in the federal prison at Leavenworth. This will not be a case of work or fight for it will be all work or the blackhole for the kickers.

That was a wise thought of the kaiser when he ordered that all commissioned officers be placed in the rear of his regiments.

This avoids the necessity for turning around when a retreat is ordered.

The American public is impatient to hear big news from the boys at the front but they are not fretting any more over the situation than the Yanks who are just rearing to go over the top before the Hun manages to reach Berlin.

Perahing says he is preparing a run for our boys as quickly as he can get them assembled as an independent American army. All right, let the fireworks begin.

The safety valve at Berlin is beginning to pop. But neither the kaiser nor crown prince will be there when it goes off.

Metz may be the Sedan of the war with the Yankees in the final dash through the enemy country.

The vaunted courage is all bosh not boche.



## CHAPTER I.

### The Rays of Sunlight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place. She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk. At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger. The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black toment whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Pss-ss-ye-ow!" The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office. The toment uttered a second "pss-ss-ye-ow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stagg, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door. "I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor. At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-froked figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, the blue eyes split big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stagg, stooping and squinting in the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad hand of black crumple he wore on his coat sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Carolyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily. "I'm Carolyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe, I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and— and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather falteringly.

"Bless me!" murmured the man again. Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many and many a year. Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance. "Hannah's Carolyn," murmured Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will, if she'd made one. Mr. Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me."

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked.

"He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent me last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'real letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Stagg shortly. "Well, you see, when papa and mamma had to go away so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunravens sailed."

"But—what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg. The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: "I—I— Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunt Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No!'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?" "No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Stagg. "Chet! Hey! you Chet!"

To Carolyn May's amazement and to the utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

"Oh, mercy-me!" squealed the little girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor; but the dog uttered a quick, threatening growl and put his muzzle to the widening aperture.

"Hey! call off that dog!" begged a muffled voice from under the trapdoor. "He'll eat me up, Mr. Stagg."

"Lie down, Prince!" commanded Carolyn May hastily. "It's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she urged.

"Come on up out o' that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to The Corners with my little niece—Hannah's Carolyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growin' longititudinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay right here and tend store while I'm gone, Chet."

Carolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormley. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front teeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow eyes; and, if uncouth, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Carolyn," he said. He stepped quickly out of the way of Prince when the latter started for the front of the store.

Once out of the shop in the sunlit street, the little girl breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Stagg, peering down at her sharply, asked: "What's the matter?"

"I—I— Your shop is awful dark, Uncle Joe," she confessed. "I can't seem to look up in there."

"Look up?" repeated the hardware dealer, puzzled. "Yes, sir. My papa says never to get in any place where you can't look up and see something brighter and better ahead," said Carolyn May softly. "He says that's what makes life worth living."

"Oh, he does, does he?" granted Mr. Stagg. He noticed the heavy bag in her hand and took it from her. Instantly her released fingers stole into his free hand. Mr. Stagg looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat

# NEW STAR EXCITES SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY

(By Associated Press)

PASADENA, Cal., Sept. 9.—Some remarkable facts revealed by the telescope and the spectroscope regarding Nova Aquilae No. 3, the new star that blazed forth in the heavens June 8, last, as the result of a "celestial catastrophe" have been set forth in an article prepared for the Associated Press by Dr. Walter S. Adams, assistant director of the Mount Wilson solar observatory, which is located near here.

The appearance of the temporary star or nova in the constellation of Aquila on June 8th is one of the most interesting astronomical events started and not a little dismayed.

The main street of Sunrise Cove on this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Not many people noticed the tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the moon-



## "Oh! Who is That Lady, Uncle Joe?"

grel dog passing that way, though a few idle shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise. But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Stagg homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. She saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she

at his hand loosen as though to remove her own. The little girl looked keenly at the woman who was approaching.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot.

"Hum!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence. It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest—clothed hills and valleys.

"There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stagg and, turning sharply on his heel, went in-

(To be Continued)

## National League For Woman's Service

A registration of the woman strength of the country. Voluntary and paid service in case of need. For registration blanks and further information, apply Mrs. Hugh Brown, Tonopah, Chairman for Nevada.

## What Is Nicer this Hot Weather

Than a dish of Chiam's Ramous Ice Cream? Or a Nut Sundae, Soda Water, or other Cool and Refreshing Drink?

## Our Refreshment Parlors

Are the Finest in Southern Nevada. Call and See.

## Ice Cream Delivered

Daily Until 11 p. m.

## JOS. C. PIERCY

The Rexall Store

Martin Cafferata Steve Pavlovich

# MIZPAH

Headquarters for Southern Nevadans

Strictly Up to Date in Every Respect

WHEN IN RENO CALL

23 North Virginia St., Reno Nevada

## TONOPAH SWIMMING POOL

Water Always at a Temperature of 85 degrees.

FREE TO CHILDREN AFTERNOONS

Open 1 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 10 p. m.

ADMISSION 25c

\$5 books (20 tickets) for \$4

Subscribe to the Bonanza. Do it now. They are all doing it.

## PETE HALLORAN

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR

Constable of Tonopah Township

AT THE GENERAL ELECTION, NOVEMBER 5, 1918

## Nevada First National Bank of Tonopah

CAPITAL, \$100,000

## Manhattan Trading & Transfer Co.

(Incorporated)

LIGHT AND HEAVY HAULING

To any place, by the day or by the ton. We have several large teams and freight outfits and are able to handle any size job promptly. We solicit an opportunity to submit bids on any work in our line. Telephone Baldwin Stables, Manhattan, Nev. or address P. O. Box 218, Manhattan, Nev.

## THE BANK BUFFET

ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED UNEXCELLED SERVICE  
 AN ATMOSPHERE OF CONGENIALITY AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP

WALTER DRYSDALE, Proprietor

## TONOPAH CLUB

The Most up-to-date house in town

OPP THE POSTOFFICE

Everything strictly first-class

Nick Ableman and J. C. McKay, Prop's.



**W.S.S.**  
 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS  
 ISSUED BY THE  
 UNITED STATES  
 GOVERNMENT